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Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

NUMBER 42.

BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861

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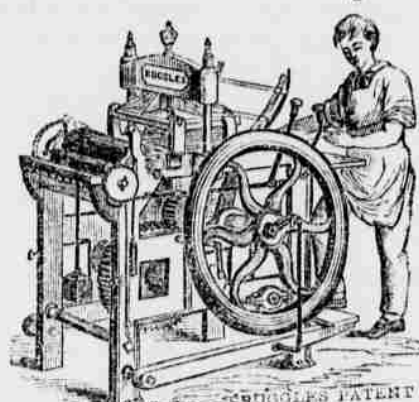
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SOUTH HARDWICK, VT. 8932m

The Daily Freeman.

MONTPELIER, VT., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S DAUGHTER.—A gentleman just arrived in this city from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He says that 2500 Secession troops are stationed there for the express purpose of overawing the Union men.

The house of the celebrated, bold-hearted and out-spoken Parson Brownlow, is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed secessionists went, at 6 o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied they had come to "take down the Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it, said, "Go on! I am good for one of you, and I think for both!"

"By the looks of that girl's eye, she'll shoot!" one remarked. "I think we had better not try it, we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady "got more men and come and take it down, if you dare!"

They returned with a company of 90 armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the Stars and Stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. Long may they wave!—Chicago Journal.

Washington, May 31.—The War Department sent the following letter of instructions to Gen. Butler:

Sir: Your action in respect to the negroes who came within your lines from the service of the rebels, is approved. The Department is sensible of embarrassments which must surround officers conducting military operations in a State by the laws of which slavery is sanctioned. The Government cannot recognize the rejection by any State of its Federal obligations; nor can it refuse the performance of the Federal obligations resting upon itself. Among these Federal obligations, however, no one can be more important than that of suppressing and dispersing armed combinations formed for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority; while, therefore, you will permit no interference by the persons under your command with the relations of persons held to service under the laws of any State, you will, on the other hand, so long as any State within which your military operations are conducted, is under the control of such organizations, refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who may come within your lines. You will employ such persons in the services to which they may be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and of the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination.

S. CAMERON, Secretary of War.

To Maj. General Butler.

It is reported in the Southern papers that two immense Columbiads, each weighing 16,000 lbs., reached West Point, Ga., recently, on their way to Pensacola. The rebels seem to be becoming reluctant to try their big guns and Columbiads on Fort Pickens, however. The Montgomery correspondent of the New Orleans Delta remarks:

"For a day or two past the opinion has been freely expressed, by several well informed citizens, that the Government does not contemplate the initiation of hostilities at Pensacola. The simple occupation of Fort Pickens by the enemy is not regarded as being detrimental either to the honor or to the interest of the country, and that the only object this Confederacy has in view, in the maintenance of so large an army in Florida, is to protect and retain possession of the Pensacola navy yard."

MAIL ROBBERY.—The *Bellows Falls Times* says the post office robbery here is developing itself, and the amount stolen is probably much larger than at first supposed. Three different persons in Grafton, we are informed, have lost some \$500, which they think was lodged here. A check and some money was recently sent from Lempster, N. H. to Rutland, but never reached its destination. Other parties in this vicinity make similar statements. Some of our readers may have seen in the city papers an advertisement of "C. C. Piper & Co.," of this place, who propose to send a powder for the "luxuriant growth of whiskers," &c., and afterwards changed to "T. Potter & Co." All this, we understand, was a mere swindle carried on by Kimball, whom we mentioned last week as having been arrested for robbing the mails. Having the sanctity of the post office as clerk, he was able to carry on this cheat with considerable success.

Luther Arnold of Londonderry, was arrested by sheriff Fuller on Monday of last week, on charge of assault with intent to kill, made up on the person of Abba Tuttle, a servant girl of Rev. Mr. Chase at the Methodist parsonage in that town, on the night of the 30th of April last. We have not learned any further particulars, but we understand that he gave bail, and that the examination was adjourned to June 17th.

Northern Rights.

The time is ripe for the due consideration of Northern rights. Long have our ears been filled with declamatory sounds respecting Southern rights; but since South Carolina has initiated war, forbearance on the part of the North has been transmuted into a determined feeling that hereafter justice shall be done to people of all sections, and equal rights secured to every citizen.

Among the rights which Northerners will hereafter claim are the following:

1. The right to travel without molestation through all parts of the Union.
2. The right to collect debts in the South due citizens of the North.
3. The right to express political opinions through the press or in the ballot-box, without fear of proscription.
4. The right to be Northern men with Union principles.
5. The right to feel that slavery is not Divine institution, to be perpetuated forever as the basis of American civilization.
6. The right to be Americans, and not sectionalists. We do not know of a single Southern right that has been denied or invaded. The North has been held at bay by Southern threats, but forever that ignominy has now passed away. One great Union party has arisen, which will vindicate its rights at all hazards, and defend the Union at any cost.

NEW RIFLE.—The New Haven Palladium

thus notices a new rifle: "It is, in many particulars, the old volcanic repeater, but so improved that it will carry ounce balls, and when one of these fails to explode, it is thrown from the lock at the moment the next charge is put into the barrel. Both operations are effected by the simple cocking of the gun. The cartridges are of copper and water-tight, and the leaden messenger is affixed at the end, so that the powder and ball are both in the same case. No man, who examines this fire-arm, can fail, as we think, to pronounce it the best and most efficient ever invented. It carries fifteen balls, and throws them as rapidly as the lock can be cocked—so that a regiment of one thousand men can, with these weapons, throw fifteen thousand bullets in less than one minute. Fifteen new charges can be put into the gun in a minute more! It is really a marvelous, and, we had almost said, a magical gun."

Some time since Van Amburgh, the lion tamer, while on his way to Eastern, Maryland, with his show, was intercepted by an express rider, who notified him that the rebels had laid plans to seize his horses, of which he had 120, shoot his wild animals, and send him adrift. He immediately turned about, and by traveling 48 miles in one day, got safely into Pennsylvania with all his property. Van now advertises that he will give \$3,000 to any one who will take Jeff Davis alive pledging himself, if he gets him in his keeping, to furnish him with a brand new cage, and take him through the country on exhibition.

Some members of the Ohio regiments have clubbed together, purchased two barrels of flour, and employed a stone cutter in West Philadelphia, named Smith, to make them a regular supply of fresh bread. On Wednesday morning, he brought them 16 loaves of fresh bread, and on Wednesday evening he said that the flour had "run out." The Ohio men indignant at this statement, went in search of Smith. They caught him, and gave him a severe beating. It is said that the flour was afterwards found where Smith had hid it away.

As the Eighth Ohio regiment was going from Cleveland to Camp Dennison, Capt. Buckingham supposed the train would stop at Crestline, and notified his wife. Unfortunately the orders were to pass through Crestline without stopping. The train however checked up a little, but the rate of speed was still high. The gallant Captain saw his wife on the platform, made a desperate spring, clasped her in his arms, kissed her quickly, and, under tremendous applause from on board, sprang back on the flying train—having hardly time to catch the rear car.

WAR HUMORS.—The only motto of Ellsworth's

Zouaves—Fire.

Arms for S. C. Privateers—Yard-arms.

Ohio's War Cry—Wade in.

A "Crooked stick"—The Baltimore Marshal Kane.

Important to flying Artillery—The art of gunnery.

Not Unlikely—They do say that Privateering is very catching.

Tut for Tut—The South threatens the North with her Beauregard.

New York will meet her with her Bowery Guard.

By Van Amburgh—Did Mr. Lincoln let his whiskers grow for the purpose of Bearding the Secession Lion in his den?

Just about So—Before this troublesome couple, North and South, can effect a Union we fear a Long Engagement is necessary.—Vanity Fair.

The rebels sometimes tell us there are no Union men at the South—that all have now united to resist the "aggressions" of the General Government. Yet Memphis, which aspires to become a great commercial metropolis, fitted herself for a place in secessiondom by driving out more than three thousand of her citizens who were loyal to the stars and stripes. How many thousands and tens of thousands of loyal men are kept down at the South by the overbearing despotism of the mob, we shall only learn when Government affords efficient protection to free speech.—Boston Journal.

"Mother Made It."

When I was a little boy at school, and carried my dinner in a satchel made of calico, some of my school-mates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a 'poke.' I felt vexed, but reconciled myself with the recollection that if I did carry a calico poke, 'mother made it.' In less than twenty-five years after that time, one of these same schoolmates was happy to avail himself of the privilege of sending his children to my school to receive gratuitous instruction, proffered in view of his extreme poverty. His children came to school without any dinner. They had no nice willow basket; they needed no calico poke.

William Foster ruled his copy-book with a pencil set in a fine silver case. He said he would not carry such an ugly club of a pencil as mine. I compared the pencils: his was the handsomest, but no better than mine. I had a good lead pencil, hammered out of a piece of lead. 'Mother made it,' and I was satisfied with it. After we grew up to be men, William Foster came to me to calculate interest on a small note at six per cent. per annum; he carried a pencil worth four cents. I had no gum elastic ball; but I had one made of woolen ravelings and covered with leather. 'Mother made it.'

When in my twenty-second year I left home to attend school in L—. There were in the school some fast young men, the sons of wealthy parents. There were others whose good sense was not annihilated by pecuniary advantages. Of the former class was John Stokes, who wore very fine broadcloth. My best coat was not so fine; the cloth cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; my mother had traded two cheques of our own manufacture for it, while I was working to assist my father in raising his family; she paid fifty cents for getting the garment cut, and made it herself. John Stokes came one day to my desk, held out his arm, compared his coat with mine, and inquired ironically where I got such a fine coat. I proudly told him, 'My mother made it.'

He feigned great surprise, and sarcastically observed he had mistaken it for imported goods; he wished he could get such fine clothes, and wondered if mother would not get him up a fine coat. A short time afterwards, while in a tailor's shop one morning with a fellow-student, John Stokes's fine coat was brought in by a lad, with instructions to secure and press it. He was not in his class that day; he had been seen the previous night on Water street, rolling in the mud, drunk as Bacchus. He left school in disgrace. He now lies in a drunkard's grave.

I boarded myself while I attended school here. I walked nine miles home at the close of each week, and returned on Monday morning with my loaf of bread under my arm. It would become stale before Friday evening, but I always relished it when I recollected that 'mother made it.'

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not still respect my mother, and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat, while I write this. She knows not what I am writing. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children.

She has never studied grammar, nor philosophy, nor music. These things were seldom taught in her young days; but she knows their value, and has toiled many a hard day to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip in scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years behind the Websterian era? Never—no never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well when she rode seven miles, one cold winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but 'mother made it.'—Home Journal.

DRAFTS REPUDIATED.—The Western Christian

Advocate says:

"At the late annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the presiding elders holding drafts against the Missionary Society were notified that such could not be paid by the Publishing House; Nashville. They were instructed to try to raise collections within the bounds of their respective districts to meet them, which, of course, as a general thing, cannot be done."

SETTLED.—The assault and battery suit of James Fisk against Isaac Glynn, of Cambridgeport, was settled at the last term of court, by the withdrawal of the suit on the part of the plaintiff, and paying defendant's cost, amounting to some \$67.